

Title: Charity Carwash

Codes: Mf

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Charity Carwash

The teenage girls wearing short shorts, holding signs that said 'car wash,' and jumping up and down certainly caught my eye.

I circled around the block to check out the scene. Usually with charity carwashes in New Jersey, there's some eye-candy flagging down cars, and pimply boys and woof-woof girls doing the actual washing in the rear of some business, carefully hidden from view.

But not this time. This time, I saw only a couple boys, and all the girls looked like they belonged on some ESPN special on traveling team girls soccer. The girls were buff, most of them were blondes, and they were doing the washing. They were decidedly hot, hot, hot. I pulled into a short line and waited my turn.

"That'll be ten bucks," said the girl taking the money.

"What are you raising money for?"

"We want to fly to Hawaii and Taiwan for international soccer tournament. But we are way short of money. Any chance you could pay twenty or even more?"

I handed her a fifty. "Keep the change. You know, a bunch of good-looking young women like you could raise a heck of a lot of money a lot faster. A carwash is for Cub Scouts."

I ripped a corner off a some paper I had in the car and wrote down a cell number, not my everyday number but my dating number, the one to a cheap 'burner' phone. "Call me sometime if you want to make real money." I smiled a million-dollar smile as I gave her the slip of paper. Then I drove forward to get my car washed.

I figured I'd thrown away forty bucks trying to impress a girl at a ten dollar carwash. Still, sometimes you gotta take risks and make unlikely investments to hit pay dirt. As the girls suds'ed my car, I regretted my generosity less and less. They were hot, damn hot. They looked like a U-18 team of sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds. One slutty teen would do me just fine!

For nearly a week I politely answered every 'caller unknown' ring on the phone. I hung up on countless offers of extended automobile warranties, then blocked the offending numbers. I was on the verge of resuming my habit of not answering 'unknown callers' when a local number appeared. "Hello?"

"Is this the man from the carwash who was driving the red Porsche?"

"That's me. And you are?"

"I'm Samantha. I took your donation."

"Delighted to hear from you. Have you thought about what I said?"

"I've been thinking about it all week. What exactly would we need to do to earn the kind of money you mentioned?"

"Samantha, you know better than that. I'm not about to discuss business on the phone." I hung up.

She called me back twenty minutes later. "I'm sorry" were the first words out of her mouth. "Could we meet somewhere and talk?"

"Sure. Are you familiar with Seaside Heights, on the (Jersey) Shore?" She was, at least slightly. "Great! Meet me on the beach just north of the pier, at four o'clock Saturday. It's a great place for a talk. Be sure to wear a skimpy bathing suit. I'll make it worth your while."

Samantha showed up right on time. "Go for a swim. Get that suit nice and wet." She did, and we began to talk, but only after I had her turn around for me so I could look for a police department bug. I detected nada except hot teen flesh under the bathing suit. We sat near the surf, where a microphone wouldn't catch much of anything.

"What services are you and your friends willing to provide?"

Sam blushed. "Six of us are willing to do BJs for two hundred, but only if the guy wears a condom."

"That's a lot, but let me think about it. What about titty fucks?"

"Same price."

"A guy can't wear a condom for a titty fuck."

"OK."

"How about a condom fuck?"

"Five hundred." This time Samantha didn't blush. How I love Jersey girls. They know the score and don't beat around the bush, so to speak.

"Bareback?"

"A thousand. And he's gotta pass inspection."

"Of course. OK, next Saturday, six of you show up at this address." I handed her a slip of paper with block printing on it. "We'll go from there to someplace else, a nice and safe place, and my friends and I will get you on the way to China or wherever the fuck you're going."

We met in Ocean Grove and went to a motel in Toms River, six high school

girls, five horny married guys I knew from around town, a couple of 'em cheating on their wives for the first time, and little ole legally separated me. I choose Sam, since we knew each other.

Sam had just turned seventeen. She might have been a natural blond, but how was I to know? Her twat was shaved bare, so there was no bush to match the thatch. She stood five-foot-six and spoke pure Jersey with an accent moderated by television and schooling. The Jersey was hard to detect, but once you heard it, you couldn't not hear it.

Once we were in the motel room, I could sense she was having second thoughts. I wasted no time in spreading out fifteen hundred dollar bills. "We're going round the world," I told her, "but only if you've told your parents you're spending the night at a friend's house."

"I haven't, but I will," she said, pulling out her cell phone. Sam was practically drooling on the money.

For my part, I was so horny I was ready to explode. My wife and I had separated two years before. She'd been pissed that I'd bought the Porsche; I'd been constantly pissed for years that she kept racking up huge charge bills, month after month, buying clothes she wore once or twice, sometimes three times before tossing in the goddamn garbage. She couldn't even be bothered to give her castoffs to charity.

The monthly cost of the car was a third of the cost of goddamn clothes, and yet she had berated me, without end, and told me - no, ordered me - to take the car back to the dealer or sell it and buy 'something sensible.' I'd told her I would, gladly, if she'd limit her clothes shopping to Walmart. She exploded and we separated.

She had her own career, so I only needed to pay child support for the twins, our daughters. Instead of bills, bills, bills, for the first time in my adult life I had real money to spend on myself! And the pleasure of learning a year later that my wife had filed for bankruptcy and been chewed out by the court for spending so much money on clothes, her clothes.

The court personnel had gone ballistic when they determined she was spending my child support mostly on clothing for her! I think her petition was rejected and she was told to start paying her bills, as she had plenty of income.

I'd been laid a few times since dumping my wife, but nothing regular, and mostly with women who were desperate to remarry cause they needed someone to pay their bills. I'd fuck 'em a few times, but I wasn't going down that stink hole again.

Hell yeah, I was horny. And seeing Sam drooling over the fifteen hundred was enough to engorge my johnson. "Sweetie, let's do this right. Let's hop in the shower, get squeaky clean, and see where that leads us." She shrugged and slowly stripped, and that's when I first saw her bald beaver. Man o man! "Help me take my clothes off, Honey."

Sam started with my belt buckle and ended with my socks, glancing from time to time at my prick, which was waving in the air like an Airedale's tail. Once we were both naked, I pulled her to me and kissed her lightly on the lips. Then we hit the shower.

I enjoyed exploring her body under the warm water. Her tits were firm and larger than I had expected. Turns out she usually wore snug-fitting sports bras, which I assume explains the bonus size. Suited me. "Are you going to keep standing there like a statue, or are you going to reciprocate?"

That was all the nudge it took to start the Sam machine's exploration of my body. She was especially fascinated with my intact foreskin, played with it and gave it a lick. "Nice," I said loudly over the shower noise.

"Yummy," she replied. "My boyfriends have all been cut."

After drying off, we poured ourselves onto the bed. I kissed her cheeks, her lips, her forehead, her ears and earlobes, her neck, and then my tongue probed past her lips. All the while I was running a hand along her back, and she was stroking mine, softly and carefully. "You're different from the boys I date. You're, I don't know, less obsessed with the bases, more attentive to other spots."

I moved to second base, playing with the slopes of Mount Tits, teasing the first hints of Mount Pale-Colored Brown Meat, at last touching Nipple Knob as gently as a feather floats from the sky. Gradually, my hand moved south, over her tummy to Bald Mons Venus, and then to the folds of the Valley of Life Itself. I replaced my fingers with my tongue, and lapped up her essence and teased the rilles guarding the Clit of Girly Pleasure, which responded by growing up and out.

It was time. I could have demanded a tongue bath of my own, but the pressure in my groin was too much to handle. I quickly mounted her like a Baptist missionary in the depths of New Guinea and humped fast and efficiently. I didn't try to last; I wanted to cum quickly, to relieve the blue pain in my balls. "Ahhhh...ahhh...ahhh...ahhhhh!" Sam tried to push me off as I fired.

"Not in me!" she screamed.

"Too late, Honey." Buy yourself a Plan B tablet at a pharmacy tomorrow and everything will be fine. Fine and dandy."

"OK." And that was that. She wanted to get out of bed; I don't know what for. She couldn't have thought one fuck was worth fifteen hundred, but maybe she thought I'd decided her teen ass was worth it. Hard to figure with Samantha. I pulled her back down and stroked her softly.

An hour or so later I pushed her head south; she resisted. "Honey, it is time for you to start earning some of the bonus cash." She was smart enough to get the picture and slipped south without further protest.

Have to say, she gave good head. When I felt that I was getting close to cumming again, I pulled her up into the spooning position, slipped my top leg between hers, and entered her. It's the position Masters and Johnson recommended for maximum fucking time. Plus I was able to play with her tits and ears as I fucked her.

Since it was a re-fuck, I was going to last a long time. Samantha moaned softly and seem to go into a trance but revived when, eventually, I began to speed up. I slide around till I was the three o'clock to her noon, grabbed her hips hard, and rammed alway. She humped back as best she could in that

position, and I unloaded.

Spooning again, we fell asleep till maybe six-thirty in the morning, when she ran to the bathroom. Feeling positively evil, I followed her. She was on the throne, peeing. "Scoot back a bit, Honey. I gotta piss, too, and I'm gonna go between your legs." She was stunned but did as she was told. I was nice; I squatted so my dick was between her thighs when I let loose my own Niagara Falls.

After she wiped, I grabbed her hand, led her back to bed, and mounted her doggie style. There was enough cum still in her cunt so that I slide right in. I tickled her anus as I humped. Then I switched positions. "Ride me, Cowgirl," I whooped as I fell on my back. She hopped on me like a champion equestrian, and we rode happily down the trail. I kissed her tits and lips, and she buried her chin in my neck, giving me a hickie. I sped up and fired my final load deep into her.

"Jesus," Sam said as she was getting dressed. "You're something else. Not at all like the guys at my school. I almost love you." I laughed, hugged and kissed her, and gave her twenty C-notes. Better spent on a night with Sam than on a dress for my ex, video games for the twins, or upgrading to this year's Porsche.

A few weeks later three of us guys went round the world again, this time with different girls. I chose Brandi, a brunette. She was more active than Sam but I think I preferred Sam. Didn't matter as far as my rocks were concerned: they got fully emptied, just as they did later with two more soccer blondes, Destiny and Shannon.

As I'd promised Sam, the team quickly raised the money for Hawaii and Taiwan, but I understand there were some hard feelings among the teammates. Sam, Shannon, Brandi, Destiny, and the major fund-raisers were pretty pissed at the lack of participation by the others, the 'freeloaders.'

A few months after the tourney, the burner phone rang and displayed a familiar number. "Hi, Sam."

"Hi! I've been wondering, would you like to help me with my college fund?" I rose to the occasion.

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Any comments? Email me at: Angler77@Safe-mail.net

